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THE SECOND PART
OF THE
TRAGI-COMEDY,
CALLED
NEW-MARKET-FAIRE.
OR
M^{rs}. PARLIAMENTS
NEW FIGARIES.

MSH

Written by the Man in the Moon.

Prologue.

Gentlemen, our Poet bids me say,
Ye're *Welcome* all unto his *Second Play*;
He prays you *read*; and if you find in it
Nothing but *Treason*, then expect no *Wit*.
Some *Rime* there is; he hopes, some *Sense*, and *Reason*.
At least to make you say, 'Tis witty *Treason*.
His *Scenes* (he vows) do onely aime to please
The *Publique*; and cure each foul disease
Of *Manners* in the *Government*: discry
Where the *State-humours* and *Diseases* lie,
Prescribes a *remedy* to allay *Pride*,
Ambition, *Treason*, *Lust*, and *Deicide*.
Corbet will teach you in his part to paint
The *Devill* in the likenesse of a *Saint*.
Which cannot chuse but make proud *Rebels* rage,
To see themselves thus acted on the Stage.
But if you please, now to advance his *Playes*,
His *Markets* ended; and he's Crown'd with *Bayes*.

Printed at you may goe looke, 1649.

To his much honored friend, *the Man in the Moone*,
on his Play, called, [*New-market Fayre.*]

MY Fancy is too dull, my Muse too weake
To praise thy Genius ; when each line doth speake,
And claimes for thee a Lawrell ; yet Ile strive
Within thy Play to keep my Name alive.
I cannot flatter Truth ; this happy flame
More than thy Moone, gives thee Eternall Fame,
And builds o're Time a Triumph ; Cold desires
Grow warme, and kindle by thy Loyall Fires :
True hearts are now reviv'd, and learnt to sing
Vive le Roy, and God preserve the King.
Whilst Regicides, whose vile memories rust,
And Names descend much deeper then their dust :
Like painted Moones, that with dull Lamps profane
Thy cleereft Light, at Full ; most in their Waine.
Whose Guilt must line their Coffins ; whilst thy shine,
Shall be a Light unto the Sacred Nine.

F. W. E/q.

The Actors Names.

CONSTANTIUS }
and } Two Loyalists.
FIDELIUS, }

FAIRFAX }
and } Possessed with Devils.
CROMELL, }

IRETON, }
HEWSON, } Three Traytors.
PRIDE, }

Lady **FAIRFAX**, and M^{rs} **CROMWELL**, with **RUTH**
INCONTINENCE, and **ABIGAL CONCUPI-**
CENCE, their Maids of Honour.

GORGE and **MORLEY**, their Paramours.

MILES CORBET, a Jesuite.

HUGH PETERS, and **DORIS LAW's Ghost**.

Sheriffs, Aldermen, a Keeper and Executioners.



THE SECOND PART
OF
The TRAGY-COMEDIE,
CALLED,
NEW-MARKET FAYRE:
OR,
M^{rs} Parliaments new Figaries.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Constantius*, and *Fidelius*.

Const. 'TIs strange *Fidelius* that they should recover !!
'Twas said their wounds were mortall:
The Heavens are surely angry,
And lock their Azure Portals 'gainst our Prayers,
Menacing the worst of miseries;
They would not else infuse their powerfull influences
To rescue *Traitors* from their punishments.
O! *Fidelius*, when I but think what they have done by Butchering
Sacred Majesty——
I am astonish'd!
What is't these feare to doe?
They'd martyr *Love*, could they come at him too:

A 2

But:

But yet Ile not despair, but by my Constancy
And Faith vanquish all miseries:
Our griefs be folly; our Tears cannot suffice,
Unless our hearts make *Charles* a sacrifice.

Fidelius. Content thy self *Constantius*; though Traytors flourish,
and such dunghil weeds sprout up through fatnesse of the soyl.

'Tis but a time, and a time present too,

Then they'l be weeded out:

They can't demur, adjourn, or say to morrow;

When their Accountant calls, they must obey,

Though now they doe o're Truth and Justice sway.

The People say they were recovered by a miracle, wrought by
one *Peters* an Exorcist, and now admire, adore, and think them
Gods, more then they did before; And say 'twas *Justice* made
great *CHARLES* to bleed.

Const. Blind ignorant wretches that can't perceive Gods from
Devils; Impostors from Potentates; it's but in vain to informe
them, till their owne folly make them sensible; But does *Crom-*
well mean to steer his Course for *Ireland*?

Fid. For Hell he does.

Con. I, that has been his Journey these seven yeares;
He will come to his Journies end in time,
But to *Ireland* I doubt he will not.

Fid. He tels the People that he wil go, but that's in the *Mystery*;
he intends nothing lesse in the *History*: 'Tis to get Arrears, what
Men and Money he can, and then *Fairfax* will soon understand
whither he intends.

Con. I hope his first dayes march will be to guard him to *Tow-*
er-hill, according to his deserts, to make that his *Head-quarters*;
and after retreat to *Westminster* and be Crown'd, & then he may
make Deputies; and not expose himselfe to hazards upon so de-
perate a Designe as *Ireland* is like to prove; Oh you know not
the subtilty of that Jesuitical head-piecc! A little time will make
knowne his intents; whilst then we wil observe the causes of their
vile Actions, and discourse the Effects to our selves; yet let us be
as secret as we can; these Serpents will sting us else.

Wee'l be as wise as Serpents, *Serpents* to prevent, *Fid* and *W*
To *Loyal-Doves*, wee'l prove as innocent. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Fairfax and Cromwel.

Crom. Wee're now at Amity, and made both one; I hope there will remaine no Jealousies or Fears each of other?

Fair. I have not any the least Jealousie or Fear of thee my dear *Lieutenant*; but hugge thee as my second Self: Oh that I could by this embrace beget a wit-like thine; the State wants *Policy* as well as *Money*; and mine's but little, thine a full *Magazine* to arme a Kingdom, and muster all Designs, Plots and Stratagems of State with safety and ease to keep, what we have waded through *bloud* and *danger* to obtain.

Crom. My Lord, I am your Servant, and the States; and must, and will endeavour to keep for them what I have got: But still my Lord, the People are too rich and powerful, they must have more Taxes and more Assesments to keep them under; and when they are poor and needy, they'l be the more our vassals, and subject to our power: Have not the peremptory slaves disarm'd Capt. *Thelwels* troop at *Drayton* in Shropshire, taken both their Horse and Armes, & strip'd them to their skins? Have they not at *Chester* done the like? and since in Worcestershire? Come, come, they will Rebel unlesse we make them poore; let's Tax them throughly; worse language then they do, they cannot give us; therefore lets about it; you to the Parliament and I to the Councel of State presently.

Money's the life of War, and must be had,

Although we make the *silly Hyndes* run mad.

Exit.

*Enter my Lady Fairfax, and Ruth Incontinence
her Maid.*

Lady Fair. Is my husband gone to the Parliament House
Ruth?

Ruth. Yes verily Mistris; he is gone amongst the *Members*, the *holy-members*, the *fructifying-members*, the *increasing* and *multiplying-members*. Indeed Madam, something was the matter my Master call'd for Beer so early this morning; Ha, ha, ha, I hope it will appeare ere long: I promise you I thought something *notwithstanding* when he fetch'd such a draught, I pitt'y your *Cafe* Madam, but could not cry; pardon me, I am your waiting Maid, and can a little understand what belongs to the *case* of a Gentlewoman.

Lady Fairfax

Lady Fair. If thou hadst as much cause as I, thou might'st cry and die too: Ile tell thee *Ruth*, he lies by me all night like a log, though I warm him, and warm him againe, yet notwithstanding I can get no life nor motion in him; and when my *desires* are *fervent*, and ready for the *on-set*, he like a Coward faces about, falls off, and basely *retreats*, and will observe no *postures* at all: Nay, if he would but *Present*, it is so hot upon the matter, that it would goe neer to *give fire*, and *discharge* it self, and do *execution* too: let me woe him, and woe him, he will doe nothing, starts in his sleep; cries out, Bloud, Bloud; and sayes, He is damn'd, in his bed; and verily, verily, I must say unto thee *Ruth*, that I think he is bewitch'd, for since he had the last wound with the fall on his Sword, he has been so *cold*, and as *uselesse* to me, as a *King* is to *England*.

Ruth. Intruth la Mistrresse get another, the world is not so dull; if one won't another will; 'Tis no matter for fame, 'tis but a Bladder of winde, one prick of a *Pinne* lets it out; if you have a mind to tast the sweets of *Love*, satisfie your *desires* to the full; I shall be as *usefull* to put it forward as another.

She that confines her beames to one mans sight,
Is a dark Lanthrone to a glorious light.

Madam, Ile fetch the Party you wot of.

Exit.

Lady Fair. Prithee do. I hate all bloody-men, give me the man that *armes* with an *imbrace*; can *make*, not *kill* a man: O how powerfull is *Love*, that it can make an unjust Act seeme honest, nay lawful too——

Enter Mr. Gorge.

Gorge. What makes my Love thus solitary and alone? Come my *Life*, my *Happines*s, lets tast some *sweets* shall make the gods to envie us; There is no pleasure but in thy embrace.

Lady Fair. You men love to flatter us, and we like silly fools are pleas'd with all that *comes* from them we love.

Gorge. I'll please thee if I can my Deer, the *Paphian Goddess* never was worthy of such love as thee; Lets in and taste,

And by our close *in-wines*,

Wee'l teach the *wood-bine*, to imbrace the *Vines*.

Lady Fair. We must be secret though, because o'th' wicked, they are apt to scandall us, and bring us on their *Stages*; yet I have

have done the best to have my Husband put them downe, yet all won't doe.

Gorge. Come my deare, I'll put thee downe, and act a part shall ravish thee, and cheer thy grieved heart.

Such Acts best please, whose Scenes relish of love,

Sound Musick then, and ravish from above.

Sound.

ACT II. SCENE III.

{ Enter *M^r Cromwell*, and her Paramour *Morley*, with *Abigal Concupiscence* her Maid. }

Mrs. Crom. SO, now we are in our Kingdome: What is it to *well.* Enjoy the World, and misse the *thing* we love? Here is a Jewell for thee, 'twas the late Queens, weare it for my sake, and come to me to morrow, thou shalt have Gold what thou wilt have; thou shalt not want if the State has it: Spend freely, and when 'tis gone, thou shalt have more. My *Noll* shall fight with the *Irish*, thou shalt fight with me, clad in more softer Armes. *Abigal*, how fits this Gowne?

Abigal. It beares an exceeding Grace behind; Madam, you have rumpled the Pleats with your Day-Couch; will you have another?

Mrs. Crom. Fetch me the Gowne that cost 2000 pounds, if it likes me, I'll put it on; My dearest *Morley* shall see how it becomes me, and embrace me in't.

Morley. So sweet a body deserves the rarities of *Europe*, and all too little to deck you Madam; I am doubly blest to enjoy so noble a Mistresse as your selfe.

Mrs. Crom. Let's in my deare, and sport a while,
And with sweet love, the tedious time beguile.

Exit.

{ Enter *Miles Corbet* with Scotch Letters
to my Lord *Fairfax* and *Cromwell*. }

Corbet. Yet I have manag'd State-affaires with ease and skill,
and thrive, and am growne Rich by my industrious practice:
Here's

Here's Letters from *Scotland* I fear will not be pleasing ; but I must deliver them ; Yet I hope by this new troubling the waters I shall get most Fish ; Ile in, and seek my Lord General presently.

Miles Corbet Enters the Chamber of Fairfax, where he discovers his Lady and Gorge in the very Act ; they start up affrightned, (thinking him the Devil) come forth all un-ready, running over the Stage, crying The Devil, the Devil.

Enter Corbet.

Corbet. Am I awake, or in a Dream ? or do I walk in my Sleep ? This is no vision sure ; methoughts I saw two (whom I am loth to name) glude like a pair of Goats in a sportfull dalliance ; I must wink at this, there's danger to disclose it, least that her husband should not credit me, and she should lay that to my Charge, was acted by the other ; It may be her Lord Consents : I know not what to think ! If these be *Queene-street* doings, Ile to *Kings street* to the Lieutenant General to see what hee'l say to these Letters. Ile be silent, there's nothing to be got by this discovery ; besides 'tis my owne case at home daily.

He that will winde his *borne* in his own rounds

May chance to be devoured by his own bounds.

Exit.

Enter Hugh Peters Solus, like a Necromancer.

If this trade fails, then farewell all ; *Albertus* was a meer Jugler to me ; and Frier *Bacon* but an empty scull, or brazen Image, his Walls of Brass, were Mud to mine : Preaching is too tedious for me ; Ile leave that to *Owen*, and to *Goodwin* : Have I not done a Miracle to re-possesse these Bodies with Spirits, that were before meer Skellitons, and stinking Carcases ? (by their despairing rage) they are now as active as ever they were ; and possess'd with worser Spirits, if worser can be, to manage the grand Design ; But before I proceed farther in my Art, I must raise the Ghost of *Dorislaw*, and ask his Council. *Make a Circle and Conjures.*

Dorislaws Ghost appears from underneath the Stage in Fetters and flames of Sulphire.

Peters. My hair stands upright ! a flash of Lightning has gone through my body, and cut my thred of Life a too ; I have no power to speak !

Dorislaw

Doriflaw. What's she that calls me from my place of horror, where all my musick is dismall shrieks of damned Soules; yelling in beds of burning Brimston; Cotches of poysonous Toads and stinging Serpents? O *Mr. Peters*! is it you? you shall along with me.

Peters. I pray thee gentle Ghost forbear, and tell me if the late King be in these lower Regions?

Ghost. No, thou Viper, he reigns in Heaven; in Hell there are new torments providing answerable for that damn'd Crime without all presidents but *Bradshaw*, *Cooke*, and *Steel*, and such as those have forg'd;

Knaves hired by *Cromwell* to corrupt the Lawes,
Now all made food for *Hells* devouring jawes.

Next *Judas*, *Faux*, and *Raviliack*, their lodgings are prepar'd, there lies *Essex*, *Pym*, *Stroud*, *Hampden*, *Rainsborough*, and ten thousand more; there *Fairfax*, *Cromwell*, *Ireton*, *Pride*, will all like me, Rue their damn'd Regicide:

Their vengeance hastneth, and comes on a maine,
Though the First be gone, the Second *Charles* shal Reigne.

Peters. Let me go tell them this.

Ghost. No, thou must not; *Pluto* wont give way,
His Friends attend; and will not longer stay,

[Exit, the Ghost carrying away *Peters*]

ACT. III. SCENE V.

[Enter *Mr. Corbet*, with his Letter,
going to *Cromwel's* house.]

Cor. I'll enter here, and see if I can meet with such a fight I did before.

[Peeps behind the Hangings, and sees *Morley* and *Mrs. Cromwel* a bed together.]

Hell and damnation! what, are we all turn'd Sodomites——
O my head, how it akes! I'll home presently; and if *Roe* be there, what shall I doe? fight with him I dare not; 'twill but be the worse; for then my Wife wil take his part: since others be-

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ing

ing my betters wear the horne ; I'll think it *honor*, never dream
of *scorn* : but my neighbours will call me *Wittall*, that's the worst ;
No matter, I am ne're the worse,
The Fox thrives best, when that the Geese do curse.
Since 'tis our fate ; and now grows all the fashion,
Ile rather honor, then disgrace the Nation.
Ile love the *man*, that makes my Wife his mate,
And hugge his Purse, till he doth *horn* my pate.

[Exit.

[Enter Ireton, Huson, and Pride.]

Hus. But does the news hold true concerning *Ireland*?

Ire. Too true, I fear ; We must divert our Course some o-
ther way ; *Ormond* is 20000 strong ; 'tis thought he is now a
Fortifying all the *Ports*, and then intends for *England*.

Pride. I would we had him here.

'Tis not a hundred thousand that we fear. Our horse are lusty,
and our Men be strong.

Huson. I, but our Money's weak ; how shall we doe for that ?
the People won't disburse.

Ireton. Can we not *force* it then ? Necessity must not observe
a Law ; make them but poor, and then we shall not want Soul-
diers nor Monies : are we not the Keepers of their *Liberties* ?
why not their Money too ?

We will disburse, give them as they deserve,

If they'l not fight ; then let them *hang* and *starve*.

Pride. When we have all ; wee'l order them at will : If we
suffer them peaceably to enjoy their Estates ; we must not look
to enjoy ours ; No, I hold it best to curb them in, be sure to
keep them down,

Prosperity wil alwayes aim to get a Crown.

Huson. Besides, when we have all ; we know what to
trust too ; and not before : then we can disburse at our plea-
sures ; and rather then want, if there be urgent necessity, make
use of our owne *Estates* at last, but not before ; 'tis our best po-
licy to preserve all we can against a rainy day : Lands are but
dall Commodities, they will not off ; besides we can't transport
them : Money it is must do the deed,

That's

That's our best friend, should we but be in need.

Ireton. Wee'l have it then : Come lets draw our Forces into the Countries first ; and then wee'l come upon the City with a fresh supply ;

Fairfax shall down ; for he is grown too high. [Exit.

[Enter *Fairfax* and *Cromwel.*]

Fair. Will they murmur still ? Indite me for Murder ! Who dares do it ? have I not Forces to protect my selfe ? this is *Lilburn* and his Faction ; they'l never be quiet till they have my life ; but perchance I'll have some more of theirs first.

Crom. Hang up two or three more, 'twill make the rest to fear.

Fair. 'Twas by your Counsel I hang'd up those I did : Did you not at *Ware* perswade me to have *Arnold* shot and *Lockier* since ; that won me hate of all my Souldiers, and the People too. [aside

Crom. And that I hope will quickly end thy fate. My Lord, Justice must be done ; you know I in all such cases, cannot help yee ; I am call'd hence and must away ; the safety of the State requires it : Farewel my Lord ; [aside.

If that my Plot hit right ?

My Policy shall Conquer all your Might.

Exit Crom.

Fair. My Lieutenant is too wise for me ; well, if he does set the People on me for their Agreement I am lost ; I fear it is his Policy to with-draw himself, that they may have the better opportunity to surprize me, and free himself, so they cut me off ; that he may enjoy all : Something is in't ; I am so troubled in my sleep ;

My wife afflicts me too, which makes me weep.

Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

[Enter 6. or 7. Aldermen, and the Sheriffs, as if they came into New-Park a Hunting with Hounds.

Pen. **W**Hat Game is there in this Park?

Keep. O Sir! Here be Stags of State, Harts, Bucks, Does, Sorrels, Sores, Teggs, Prickets, Fawnes; and abomination of Fish and Fowl.

Pen. Will you give me the Names of them all, because we may know what to thank the Parliament for; they have bestowed much of us for this one Dinner; enough to make us many: Staggs, and Harts I have heard of in the City, and Bucks too; but Tegs, Brocks, Sores, and Prickets, I know not what they mean: pray are they Fish or Fowl?

Keeper. Neither Sir: They are Beasts that come to it by degrees, as your Children newly Born; first they come to be Fawns, and then in their Youth they come to be Prickets; in the Prentiship, to be Brockets; in their Freedom, to Bucks of the first head; when Common-Council-men of the second Head; when Aldermen, of the Game Royall; and then you may know them by their Brow-Antlers: And for the Hinds, and Does, they be the Females, as it might be your Wives, or your Sons Wives.

Atkins. It seems there is a Common-wealth in a Park; but do they engender too?

Keeper. Yes Sir, in Rutting-time; how could they encrease else? onely they defile their members.

Mayor. But do they do the Act like us?

Keeper. Very like you Sir; but encrease more.

Atkins. Are there Conies too?

Keeper. Yes Sir, more then you have in your City.

Woollaston. But does not some Vermine anoy them?

Keeper. Yes Sir, but we have another Vermine called Ferits and Tarriers, that like your Worships Clark Everet, can enter their grounds, & so ferit their Beries, that many times their skins pay

pay for their offences; & then our traps are just like your prisons.

Bide. Their skins may serve to furre us Gowns.

Keep. Sir, no *Scarlet* nor *Plush* is finer weare.

Atk. Hereafter you must preserve them for us then.

Keeper. Sir, they are my Fees; besides your Worships should not be clad in Foxes, or in Pole-catts skins, lest you be termed vermine; the Lyons, or the Panthers, or the Ermyns skin is more rich and fitting for your weare.

Fook. I know no great degrees of skins; methinks the Asses hide's as serviceable as the Lyons skin, & more fit for ornament.

Keeper. There be Asses too Sir in the Park.

Mayor. Then for Fowl and Fish, what store is there?

Keeper. O Sir, they be infinite; here be Owles, Wood-cocks, Buzards, Cuckoes, Rooks, Wiggins, and all your Worships—— can desire: Besides, Parliament Buttocks, Harpyes, Night-Ravens, Screech-Owles, and whatever your Worships can name. And for Fish, here be Pikes, that like those you know where, eate up their owne kind; and Carps that lie wallowing in the Mudde (like your Worships in your feather-beds;) besides the Carps may serve for your Servants, and the people; and great *Tench*, that you may catch without hooks or pullies; besides Roach, Dace, Eeles, Breams, Pearch, and abundance more.

Pen. Are there no Whales, Sammons or Lobsters there?

Keeper. No Sir, they are in the Seas, where your Worships Ships fail.

Pen. I had thought they had come from hence.

Mayor. Well Brethren, it behoves us to give thanks to the Councel of State, and the Parliament for all these benefits, and advance them the Sum; 'tis but 150000*l.* a meere toy; if the Sea be but secur'd by their Navy, we shall fetch it up againe in a yeer, and less.

Omnes. Content, content, let them have it, let them have it; and our Letter of Thanks too boot.

Since we have Park, and Sport, and Deer such Store;

If they doe ask, they shall have ten times more.

Keeper. Yes, yes, no doubt but they'll be as free to you, of *that* *that is not their own.*

[*aside.*

The Kings Manours, Parks, Chases and Forests, are liberally bestowed; the old proverb must be verified, *Lightly came, lightly goe*, but they that steal a Deer off the Kings Ground, the Horns may hereafter chance to choack them; but they that steal Deer, Trees, Lands and all; the very stones will fly in their faces I hope: What a blessed litter of Citty-puppies have I to my Masters? O for a pack of good Bloud-hounds, to set on these *Acteons*: Uds——fut, these be meere Gulls, Buffle-pates; there's not a man of them has so much wit, as will reach from his nose to his beard: foh——how they stinck; I thinke some of them have be-shit themselves. Will your Worships please to see some sport? the Game is ready, the Buck is Ronz'd,

Tho. Ringwood. Ha——loe,——ha——loe;——tat,——tat,——tat,——tat,——tat.

Byde. This is heavenly Musick. (*Exit Keeper, Mayor, Ark.*)

Pen. Wo'd these Curs were choack'd, I cannot hear it for them. [*Looks up.*]

Byde. Why, 'tis the Dogs that makes it.

Pen. I had thought it had been come from the Skyes. The Buck is down already.

Byde. 'Tis time we seek our Company, and give over the Chase.

Pen. This is no Chase Sir, 'tis a Park.

[*One sounds a horne.*]

We are summond in; lets hast away,

This idle sport has quite consum'd the day.

Let's tell our selves, and see if we have all our Company.

[*they tell themselves,
and miss two.*]

Byde. Here's two missing!

Penington. I'll lay a Pot of Ale of that; have you told your selfe Sir?

Byde. I'll tell again.

[*tells.*]

There wants four now—— O Alderman *Soams*, and Alderman *Chambers* did not come; there was but 13 came, and now there is but a 11. then as I take it, two are wanting.

Pen. But how shall we know which two?

Byde.

Byde. 'Tis my Lord Mayor, and Alderman *Atkins* are missing.

[Enter the *Keeper* running.]

O Gentlemen, Gentlemen, your Mayor has hang'd himselfe in a Tree, and if you go not quickly he's a dead man; and another is fallen into a pit, and hath so bewray'd himself, 'tis wonderfull ! I think he has broke his neck, for he stirs not.

Pen. Brethren away, I feare there is some Treason.

[Exit Aldermen.]

Keeper. Treason to Traytors ! Is not that Nonsense ? I have done my best to Lodge the Deer on that side the Parke where the most trees and the pits were : But surely that is not Treason; and yet I know not neither, for now every thing is made Treason, though it be but Reason : I'll away to be sure, 'tis good to prevent a mischief.

Farewell old Custard-eaters ; I hold it Reason,
Not to serve you, for feare I commit Treason.

Exit.

A C T. V. S C E N E X.

[Enter *Fairfax*, *solus*.]

Fairf. **T**He Devil stop your mouthes ; will nothing serve you but *The Agreement of the People, The Agreement of the People* ! Are not the Parliament the Peoples *Representatives* ? why, doe not they *Agree* ? I am willing to Agree to any thing ; yet must their spleen light upon Me ?

O *Cromwell, Cromwell* ! for this I may thank thee ; I am so hea-vie, sad, and drow sic, I must take Rest.

[Lies downe and sleeps.]

[Enter three or foure *Furies*, and *Anticks* dancing about him, with their hands all bloody, and Exit.]

[He starts, and sleeps againe.]

Soft.

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[*Soft Musick from above, and this SONG.*]

I.

WHo on the top of Fortunes Wheele,
Stands more glorious than the rest;
Others sorrows little feele,
Thinking all like them are blest.

II.

Guide the Chariot of the Sun,
And thence blind with too much light,
Such uneven Courses run, [turnes himselfe.
That they turne the Day to Night.

III.

These are they that cannot see,
Dazl'd with the height of place,
How they may secured be
Of the Peoples fickle grace.

IV.

But pretend their hearis so deep,
They are hopelesse there to wade;
Where did they but measure keep,
Fortunes Children should not fade.

V.

Greatnesse here may learne to stand
Propt with Virtue, so it shall
Fearlesse from rude Peoples hand
Sleep on Doune, or softer fall.

VI.

Fumes of Sway must passe away,
Rebels fall, that stand by Art;
Charles his Virtue still shall sway,
And all *England* take His part.

VII.

VII.

What though Rebels fret and frowne,
That durst aspire unto a Throne;
Virtue is a Sacred Crowne,
Subject unto none but *One*.

[*He wakes, and starts up amazed.*]

A Guard, a guard! Treason, treason! I am betray'd! —
O my distempered Fancie! how strange a guilt knaws me with-
in! well, since 'tis so—— 'tis but a folly to dispaire; and to re-
pent, would argue I were guilty; I have had strange dreams——
all is not well: Well, come what will, I'll bide the shock of all;
And if I stand, I stand; if not, I fall.

[*Enter Sheriffs, and others, with the Agreement
of the People in their hands.*]

People. Where be the Murderers? Seize on them, knock them
down, known them down; Traytors, Tyrants, bloud-suckers:
away with them.

[*They seize on Fairfax, pinion
him, and lead him away.*]

Fair. Who builds his hopes upon a Common Rout,
Thus must he fall, though for their Rights he fought.

Exit.

[*Enter Fidelius and Constantius.*]

Const. Now my deare *Fidelius*; how likest thou the times
now? do they not change apace? does not Divine Justice cleerly
demonstrate to the World their guilt, and dogge them at the
heels? doe not the *Phaetons* tumble now? Bloud must be reven-
ged; Murder and Patricide, although conceald long, at last be-
traies it self; nay, oftentimes proves his owne Executioner; but
this licenced and open wickednesse, invites all hands to take Re-
venge.

Fidelius. The People threaten revenge on all; and doe dis-
pute their deaths before their ends: some report *Bradshaw* hath
hang'd himself; another, drown'd; a third, is stabb'd; when as
they

they speak but as they'd have it ; or as it must be : Thus they oft times say, He's a dead man, that's but condemn'd ; and so are they by Heavens Impartiall Law ;

They're but repriev'd a while, the day will come,
They suffer must, a most assured doome ;
That Subject make his Sovereigns heart to bleed,
Will find a Subject shall revenge the deed.

Const. 'Tis true *Fidelius* ; but they never think of that, Rebellion so bewitches them, they know not what they doe ; but with stupidity and ignorance, resolve to finish what they have begun, though to scale Heaven, or to put out the Sun.

Fidelius. When did you see Rebellion prosper ? But for black damn'd Regicide, (by *Cooke* and *Radamthus Steel* accounted lawfull) it is a sinne made *Judas* be beholding to a tree to ease his Conscience, but these far worse than Runnagates or Jewes, must expect Judgements worse,

The more their sinnes 'gainst light, the worse their Curse.

Const. They say that *Fairfax* doth die to day ; shall we go see him ?

Fidelius. No, I love not to see the death of any man ; nor have I envie at their Persons, but their Crimes : I'de rather see them live Honest men, than to die Traytors. This is *Cromwell's* policy, now he hath filled this Spunge to squeeze him, till another does so much for him, which will not be long, if *Overton* speaks true ; that Bull's design'd for the slaughter next, if he were but well baited first in *Ireland*.

Const. *Dublin* is for certaine taken, *London-Derry* can't hold out ; which makes me think he can doe little good there if that he were Landed, which is a thing almost impossible.

Fidelius. Let's leave the successe to him that prosecutes ; and into Rest,

The Sun declines, and takes leave of the West. *Exit.*

[Enter *Fairfax* with a *Jesuit*, *Sheriffs*, *Executioner*,
and People with *Bills* and *Halberts*.

Sheriffs. Come bring him away, I never thought he would come to better end, since he falsified his word at *New-market* ;
and

and likewise his Oath and Covenant with his KING, and his deare Brethren the Scots.

Sir, you had best repent ; your time's but short.

Jesuit. Your Pardon from His Holinesse is firme ;

You need not here repent.

[whispers is heard.]

People. This is a Jesuit, a Jesuit ; Hang him, hang him.

Jesuit. Nay pray good people spare my Life, and give me leave to speak ; I shall tell you that will make you wonder.

People. Speake then ; but be brief, protraction may cause another Change.

Jesuit. And so it will ; Let the Sheriffe looke in the Nape of my Lord Fairfax neck.

[The Sheriffe looks in the Nape of his neck, and finds a Charme, which he pulls away ; and his Carcasse falls and leaves a noysome stench.]

Sheriffe. What's the meaning of this, good Sir ?

Jesuit. It is a Charme, the words are dubious, and cannot be made sence of, and this he brought from Holland ; Cromwell has the same ; 'twas to preserve their Carcasses while such a time expir'd, else they had been dead long time before, and often killed by others.

Sheriffe. How come it then that Peters cured them ?

Jesuit. Peters weary of Preaching Schisme, and finding others preferr'd before him, turns Nigromancer, and deals in the black Art : Now their Charmes was to preserve them from others hurts, but not their owne ; they falling on their owne Swords, were by Peters, re-possessed with Devils, which gave motion to their bodies.

[Enter Pride, Ireton, and Huson.]

Ireton. Is the Execution past ?

People. More Witches, more Witches ; fall upon them, stone them.

[The People knock them down with stones.]

*[Enter Gorge and my Lady Fairfax at one dore ;
& Morly & Mrs. Cromwell at the other, and meet.]*

La. Fair. My Husband murder'd ! Draw Mr. Gorge.

Gorge and Morly fight, and both are mortally wounded.

C. 2

Gorge.

Gorge. I met with you there Sir D. [Marly falls.
Mrs. Crom. Nay then thou Villain, have at thee. [pistols him
 And for thee Mistress Froo, ('tis no time to scold) I'll trie it
 out.

[She draws her knife and runs at my Lady Fairfax, but missing her ;
 my Lady Fairfax snatcht up Gorge's Sword, and rittus Mrs. Cromwel
 aborow ; the People apprehend her for murder, and carry her to Prison.

Sheriffe. Here is a sudden Tragedy indeed ;
 I doubt there's more ere long will bleed.

People. Hang them, stone them ; Witches, Murderers, Thieves,
 Impostures : Let's Petition our KING home ; we shall never be
 happy else.

Omnes. Content, content.

EPILOGUE.

*Come Royall Charles, and with a clond of thunder
 Disperse this bed of Snakes, and keep them under.*

F I N I S.
